

# TOC H JOURNAL



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THREEPENCE

## Toc H for New Friends

### What it is

Toc H is out to win men's friendship and their service for the benefit of others. It stands, always but especially now, when values which seemed permanent are being discarded, for truth and understanding, for unselfishness and fair dealing, for individual freedom based on a practical Christian outlook on life. Toc H works under a Royal Charter granted by H.M. the King.

### How it started

It began with Talbot House (Toc H is the signaller's way of saying T.H.) opened in 1915 in the Belgian town of Poperinghe, the nearest habitable point in the Ypres Salient. It was intended to be a sort of soldiers' rest house where men back from the line could find refreshment for body, mind and spirit. Owing largely to the Rev. P. B. Clayton, an Army Chaplain in charge, it soon secured a reputation in the British Expeditionary Force as a place of friendship and cheerfulness. It welcomed men not merely to a meal and writing material but to the small homely things that mean so much. Many who used it found their way to the Chapel in the loft and gained fresh strength to realise that "behind the ebb and flow of things temporal stand the Eternal Realities."

### 1919 to 1939

"Tubby" Clayton and a few survivors saw the need to recapture in peace-time the spirit of comradeship in common service and sacrifice which they had learnt in war and to pass it on to a new generation. The idea spread. By 1939 Toc H was established in over 1,000 places in the United Kingdom and had forged a chain linking 500 more throughout the Empire and beyond. The Old House at Poperinghe and its Upper Room, given back to Toc H, has been visited by many thousands, who have gained, as those before them, fresh strength to play their part steadfastly and cheerfully. More than 20 hostels (called Marks) have been opened and are available for those who get the chance to use them.

### What it means in practice

In his efforts to further the objects for which Toc H exists, each member has what is called the Toc H Compass to guide him. Its Four Points may thus be summarised:

*To Build Bravely.* (a) To be resolute in building his own life, without forgetting that what matters most is not what he can do for himself but what he can do for others. (b) To see in Toc H a bridge between himself and the lives of others, and to build it bravely, regarding his share in doing so as a sacred trust.

*To Love Widely.* To learn the habit of trying day by day to understand and to help all sorts and conditions of men.

*To Think Fairly.* To win a chivalry of mind, whereby he will not be overready to condemn honest difference, but will be humbleminded in his judgment of great issues, avoiding prejudice and striving for truth.

*To Witness Humbly.* Toc H is rooted in the supreme conviction that the great thing is to spread the weekday Christian Gospel. Every member is pledged to do his blundering bit by carrying the contagion quietly. The point here is that lives speak while words are merely spoken.

### Membership

Toc H wants men who are willing to put service before self, are trying to think fairly and are willing to offer friendship. You probably won't be asked to join, but if you feel you want to share in this great adventure, let us know. It will cost you no more than you can afford. If you would like to know more about it, ask any member you know or write to Toc H Headquarters, 47, Francis Street, London, S.W.1.

# TOC H JOURNAL

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No. 2

## A MIXED BAG

Toc H in the B.E.F.

**P**ERMISSION has now been granted, through the Committee of Voluntary War Work at the War Office, to certain approved organisations, of which Toc H is one, to open centres for British troops in specified places in France. Our first small team, which will go out in the first instance for a minimum period of three months, is getting ready to cross the Channel. Preparations involve various permits and papers from the War Office, uniform and so on. Our men will be recognised by a small bronze Lamp of Maintenance with the name Toc H on their cap-badges and collars.

Our pioneer team consists of Pat Leonard, Rex Calkin and Grahame Hamilton; Reg Staton will join them when the first House is secured. All these men have previous active service experience. In Rex's absence from Headquarters, Dallas Ralph will be his deputy as General Secretary. Grahame Hamilton (whose nickname is 'The Dean') is a member of the Central Finance Committee. Besides many years connection with boys' and men's clubs, he has fluent French and an experience of French law and war-time conditions which should be valuable, especially in the venture's early stages. The Padre is an essential member of any Toc H team, and everyone will agree that Pat is our man for this job.

How many Talbot Houses we shall eventually be able to open in the B.E.F. depends on many circumstances, of which finance and Hitler are, of course, two outstanding ones.

### Getting going

Meanwhile Toc H, less 'official' but just as genuine, is being planted by the initiative of members serving in the B.E.F. Here is another instance, reported in a R.A.F. member's letter from France:

I didn't want to write until I had seen J—and the other boys. I met them on Boxing Night when a small preliminary talk was held about Toc H and the possibility of doing a job here in conjunction with the padres. There is a very great need in the camp for a quiet room and recreational room—so that the chaps have somewhere to go apart from the canteen which only provides for food, darts and beer. The lack of anything leads to boredom and drives everyone to the beer tent.

It does look as though we shall manage to start something in a large room over the Café de la Gare. Having lots of time on my hands I took the lads' suggestions along to the padres. Before Sunday they are going to get quite a lot of equipment together, so that the Club, if it can be called that, will open from Tuesday onwards. I hope that the 'Powers that Be' and the lads will take to it kindly.

I feel that if Toc H can stand behind it and work hard to see it through it is far better than just forming a unit of Toc H with our small membership and few attractions. When the Club is successfully launched, we can then if necessary form a small 'Groupe' with our four members and some of their friends.

### 'War-work' at Home

The normal family-life of Toc H, disturbed by many movements of members, not only carries on but increases. New units are springing up, old Groups are gaining Branch status. An increased demand for Toc H literature, especially of some 'lines,' is reported by the Registrar's department. As to special work at home in war-time, some statistics (up to January) may be given:—

New Houses, opened under the auspices of Headquarters	7
The same, about to be opened	2
The same, planned but awaiting premises	3
Old Marks open, 20; of which those doing special war-work number	9
Houses, Clubs and other centres for troops, opened by Toc H units or for the running of which they are largely responsible	142
The same, for civil defence or civilian workers or evacuees	43

(The total, which already reaches over 200 'centres,' only includes those so far reported to H.Q., and should not include places only open one or two evenings a week or only assisted by a few of our members: such places are very many.)

## The Re-birth of Toc H?

"Feet firm, hands busy" is a slogan given to Toc H years ago by Alec Paterson. The second part of it is obviously true to-day of the family at home—and the family overseas, with fewer direct opportunities of special war-time service, seems to be keeping well in step. If our feet are indeed as firm as our hands are busy, we may well be witnessing Toc H, born in one War, being re-born in another. But the first part of the slogan is vital. Without foundations all the busyness of our hands builds nothing permanent. If, for instance, Toc H were to bend all its energies to mere canteen work, it might become a house built on sand, useful for a time but having no powers of endurance. From the first days in Poperinghe Toc H has had no doubts about the depth and certainty of its foundations. We shall do well to examine our foundations again in this testing-time and see, each one of us, that we stand firmly upon them. Body, mind and spirit—that's the complete man. The spirit of Toc H is much alive, its body more than ever active now. Is its mind yet fully awake? On what we *think* about the problems of to-day and tomorrow the building of some better future greatly depends.

### From Southern Africa

A message sent from home to New Zealand at the time of the World Chain of Light on December 11, which we printed last month, gave some picture of the Western Area in war-time. Here is another, sent from South Africa to New Zealand at the same time, which reveals a little of Toc H's task there:

The Family of Toc H in Southern Africa, embracing the vast but sparsely populated territories of Northern and Southern Rhodesia, the little team now beginning at Blantyre, Dar es Salaam, the capital of Tanganyika, another tiny start at Ficksburg (thereby reviving Toc H after many years in the Orange Free State), the Transvaal, with its teeming thousands of Europeans and Natives along the one hundred mile gold reefs of the Witwatersrand, Natal and the Eastern Cape Province, both sturdy Areas with true men in a network of teams, the Western Cape Province and Griqualand West, now struggling to a greater growth, stand by your side in the watch hours of December 11th, 1939.

In December, 1930, Tubby, at the British Birthday Festival after receiving home at Poperinghe the Chain of Light of that year, used these words:—

"The world can't cure itself. Only the younger men can build the new age better; and only they, if they are led to Christ, and led by Him. Make good, do good, be good: that is your code."

"Toc H demands four things from every member. They pledge themselves to build like pioneers; to help in work in which they are assigned; to think with fairness, not with prejudice; thus to promote the Gospel without pulpits, by daily demonstrations of its power to render lives unselfish and unflinching."

"Where there is darkness, Light must go to it, and cleave it with its flame. Where there is hatred, Love must find it out and heal and make it whole. Evils are never cured by cowardice. Evils are cured by courage. Listen! Listen! Look for God's light. Receive it. Pass it on."

We are, like you, those younger men. Our tasks in the many parts of our far-scattered Family are widely differing, but in spirit they are the same, to conquer hate by seeking the Mind of Christ in the agony of the racial and ideological conflicts which now engulf the world.

Here in Southern Africa, we are in some senses nearer to the conflicts than any part of the Toc H Family outside Europe.

We ask you as you stand "on guard for duty and the things of God," to pray for lonely men in Northern Rhodesia, to uphold the whole Family in Southern Rhodesia, which has been charged with the entire running of all the canteen work for the troops in that colony.

In the Union we are beset by hard problems, and specially need your prayers. For here many thousands of our Afrikaans-speaking fellow citizens are bitterly opposed to South Africa's participation in the war. Toc H, called to decide how far it can participate in activities connected with the prosecution of the war, has already begun to learn the cost of "reckoning nothing of the world's opinion." Some of our own members and friends, while remaining loyal to the Family, are gravely perturbed by actions so far taken. Yet it is our immediate task, primary and fundamental, "to check all bitterness."

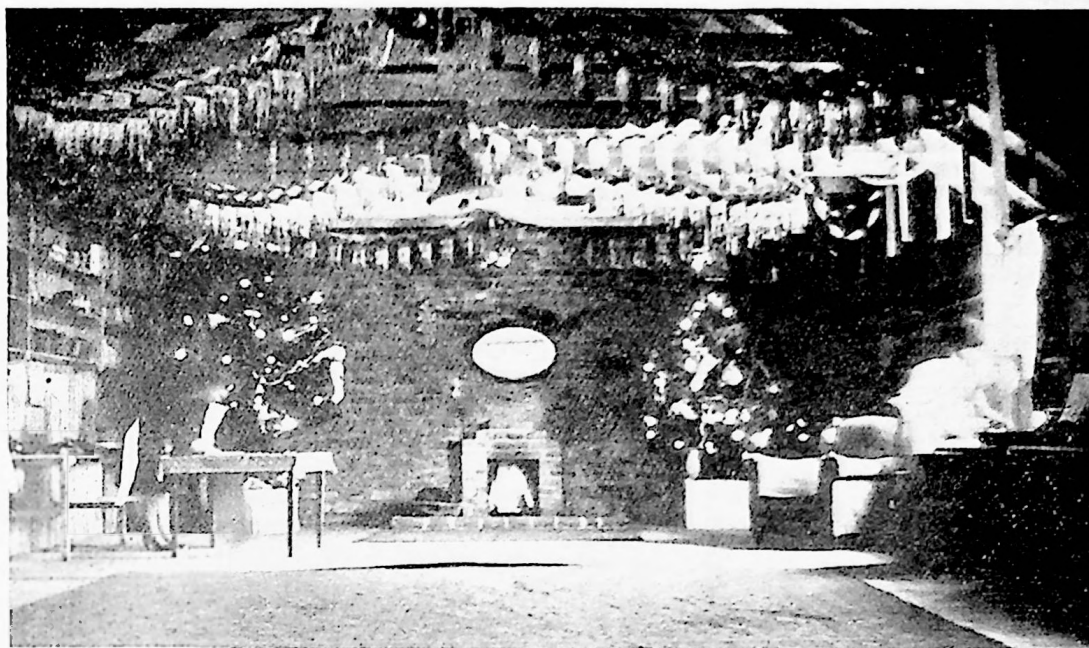
We therefore beg the prayers of all our brethren in New Zealand that we may know God's will for us, amid the maze of many other wills than His. So shall we disown discouragement and "build the new world better."

### Bermuda Calling

A 'lone' member of Toc H, a sergeant in the Royal Engineers, in Bermuda, has started a 'gripe,' of which he is Secretary. In sending home the application forms of the first seven would-be members, he writes:

This is Toc H Bermuda, calling Toc H at home . . . At our meeting before the World Chain of





*Toby's work in Orkney: the hall, specially built for Toc H, ready for the children's Christmas Party*

Light I forgot to tell them about it, and eventually I sent all sorts of messages out by telephone and hand—in fact they had about four hours' notice of the meeting. Of the seven whose names I submit for membership, five turned up and the other two 'phoned their apologies owing to prior engagements. When I tell you that on the evening of December 11 we had a miniature hurricane, with torrential rains, and most of them had two or three miles each way to cycle, I think you will agree that it shows at least their keenness not to miss a meeting. In any case I am proud to record that the ceremony of the World Chain was observed in Bermuda and our thoughts joined our members throughout the world. . . .

You will be pleased to hear that we have started our 'service.' We had an urgent call from the Bermuda Seamen's Mission for volunteers to pack parcels for seamen who would be at sea on Christmas Day. We produced a team of six, who did good work. We are in touch with the local Hospital, with a view to doing some library work. The Rotary Club say they will produce us the jobs, and we say we will see them through.

### Our Perambulator Service

Scene: a large Toc H Services Club. Many of the lads are away on Christmas leave. Some of those left behind are having their wives down to stay in the town, if they can. One of them comes to the manager of the Club, a member of Toc H staff, in a per-

plexity. He was sure it would be resolved.

"My missus is bringing our baby. Could you lend us a pram?"

The Club, which is otherwise well equipped, is short of this piece of furniture, but the manager has an idea. He calls on a neighbour who he knows is taking his family away for Christmas.

"Have you got a pram?"

"Yes—why?"

"Would you let your house for four days over Christmas?"

"Ye-es—why?"

"What rent would you ask? Would half-a-crown a day suit you?"

"Perhaps—but why?"

Anyway the soldier and his wife spent a very happy Christmas in the house—the lease including one perambulator—and threw a grand party there for friends in the same unit.

The demand for perambulators in the Club became an epidemic. One lady who was approached for the loan of hers was shocked—"surely very early for war babies," she said. She was reassured.

## Night in a Services Club

A member's letter just after Christmas gives a glimpse of a Toc H Services Club in a Midland city:

" 'Talbot House' here is going great guns; it has quickly proved its need. I went on duty at midnight yesterday and came off at 8 a.m. We had 30 in the House, 14 in beds and the remainder preferred to chat and sup tea in the lounge. I got myself properly dizzy slapping eggs and beans on toast about, and tea was just a perpetual brew all night. I find it damned hard work, but enjoy every minute of it, with these Blue and Khaki lads around me. I almost feel I'm back again with them. This makes conversation easy with strangers. We have fun in the few spare minutes we have.

" An instance or two of the appreciation shown by men passing through. I was on duty the Friday before Christmas at 2 a.m. when a B.E.F. transport had arrived, very tired and cold after many hours on train and boat. I got him some Oxo and beans on toast (cost 5d.): on his departure at 8 a.m. he handed me a 10s. note and told me to put the change in the House donation box, at the same time handing out some wonderful 'bouquets.' (He came in last night again, on his way back to France.) On the same night one of the Canadian Contingent dropped in for the night. His bill came to 7d—he gave me 5s. And so I could go on.

" All the police and railway officials are equipped with the necessary information about us. Where we can we meet the night trains. Here's a picture: 2.30 a.m., London train in—one 2nd Lieut., one infantryman, one corporal R.A.F.—walking together, the officer carrying one of the lads' kitbags. We brought all three to 'Talbot House,' where they sat in the lounge all night, eating, drinking and yarnning together."

## The Toc H War Chest

The scheme of small money-boxes, 'Toc H War Chests' (see November JOURNAL, p. 345), to be issued through 'Responsible Box Officers' to members and friends all over the country, has been very well taken up. Up to the time of going to press some 6,000 have been issued; the applications have varied from a single box to fifty at a time. As our war-work demands money immediately and continually, the scheme provides that the boxes shall be opened on a fixed date every three months and the contents forwarded to Headquarters. The first clearing date was January 15, but it is not yet possible to give complete results, for contributions have to be collected from a wide area and are still coming in. The next clearing date is April 15.

Some ingenious ways in which War Chests are being used have already come to light. One member keeps his in his car and collects a penny whenever he gives a lift to people unable to get 'buses. Another box is in the keeping of some nurses on a hospital train, where as a "swear box" it is said to be filling rapidly! A third box received the hoard of "bun pennies" put aside by an old lady for a deserving cause. A fourth is in a barber's shop where an assistant, who is a member, talks Toc H instead of football to his customers! The other odd 6,000 boxes are being used in kindlier ways, no doubt.

This is not meant to be a flash in the pan, but a sustained effort where possible. The label on each box is numbered and bears the date of the next clearance. On that date the label should be broken, the box emptied and the contents sent in; another label, to cover the next quarterly period, can then be supplied, if desired. The scheme is as simple as the boxes themselves, though, of course, it involves quite a lot of work to the box-holders and to Headquarters. If all who take part in it will stick to the rules, supplied to all Box Officers, it should run smoothly and provide very useful 'sinews of war.' Apply to The Registrar, Toc H Mark XVI, High Street, Swindon, for boxes (which are issued free) and full particulars.

## Progress in Mauritius

Probably there is no unit of Toc H in the world so remote and isolated as Mauritius. With small numbers they carry on, as the following recent news, in a letter from a member, shows:

We are working here under slight difficulties as our Service members have had to withdraw temporarily from the Branch. The Garrison has been transferred to Port Louis, where apparently they are needed for full-time duty. Five members have left the island (three for England, one for Nigeria and one for Malaya). So at the moment there are five active members and three whose duties allow them to come occasionally. In addition we have been helped considerably in the running of our Boys' Club by two Rover Scouts from Rev. Rogers' Troop. I am not sure whether you have any knowledge of our latest venture. At the beginning of this year we started a social club in Port Louis for the poorest classes of coloured boys. Their response was immediate and enthusiastic, and from the start we had between sixty

and eighty Creoles, Indians and Chinese. Unfortunately, the numbers were too big to handle successfully, so we reduced them to thirty, chosen from the keenest. These now have membership cards and attend regularly. We appealed for help and got a generous response in both money and equipment, so that now we have two tennis tables, dart-boards, Corinthian bagatelle sets, boxing-gloves and other odds and ends. Our practical difficulty, however, is to hold sufficient meetings, as most of us live at least fifteen miles from Port Louis and transport is now rather awkward with petrol rationing in force. So for the moment the Club meets on alternate Mondays from 7-9 p.m.

The Leper Hospital at Pamplemousses has been visited about once every two months. When we last went, there were about thirty-five inmates. Other hospitals have been visited, but at irregular intervals, and papers, sweets and cigarettes distributed. The Mauritius Institute recently gave us sufficient journals to last about six months and promised more. There is an extension of Scout work, mostly among the coloured population, but that is not really a Toc H activity, though we support it, and Rogers is the driving force.

#### 'Paris Leave'?

Before long, we might guess (though we have no authority for guessing it), some of our members and their friends serving in the B.E.F. may be getting 'Paris leave.' If this be so, let them make a note that the Paris Branch of Toc H would warmly welcome a visit from them. The Branch writes that "what with mobilisation and departures, our membership is sadly depleted," but they are carrying on. They have decided to meet for the present on the first and third Saturdays in each month at 2 p.m. at the Hôtel Avenida, 41, Rue de Colisée. So ask a policeman and go there. Or, better still, first get in touch with Donald Stuart, c/o Lloyds National Provincial Foreign Bank, 43, Boulevard des Capucins, Paris. The visitor would not only enjoy himself, but give encouragement to a good Branch working in difficult conditions.

#### Keeping in Touch

Here are some useful hints, contained in a letter from the Secretary of a Branch in Surrey:

Perhaps it would interest you to know how we keep in touch with our absent members. From time to time each of them write to one or other of us home members giving us news about themselves; these letters are duplicated and copies sent round to all absent members, together with an account of what has been going on in the Branch during the month. This is done once a month in preparation for receipt of the monthly JOURNAL, a copy of which goes off to them all.

We have found this a very happy way of keeping the whole Branch together as one, even though many of us are away from this place. And, if I may say so, we have found this sending round of letters and news of our local doings is much appreciated by the men who have gone off to the various Services.

#### Congratulations

Some members have heard the tale of how Tubby found himself in a hospital bed in 1916 next door to a Major, and what happened from that introduction. Major W. H. Carver came to make his mark on Toc H in East Yorkshire, where, since 1926, he has represented the Howdenshire division in Parliament. His services to the Mark at Hull, through thick and thin, his donation of the Hull Chaplaincy, his genial chairmanship of the House of Commons Group of Toc H, his appointment as one of our Vice-Presidents, are well known and deeply valued. In August, 1914, he raised the first Service Battalion of the East Yorkshire Regiment in Hull, and afterwards served as its Second in Command at home, in Egypt and in France. And now he has been gazetted (November 14, 1939) as Hon. Colonel of a recently formed battalion of his old Regiment, commanded by Lord Middleton (chairman, East Yorks Area of Toc H). So here's our sincere congratulations to Colonel Carver!

#### The Young Soldier

A member of a Branch in Kent writes:—  
"The young soldiers here are 20-21 group and come mostly from the same district. They are youngsters who have not been away from home before and therefore the right men for us to deal with. We have a dozen or so who take advantage of our headquarters, turning up every night to play darts, table tennis, the piano, etc. Provision is made for them to write letters, for which there is no convenience in their barracks, and some of them write several letters a night—in fact they make a proper meal of it! We begin to know these boys well now in a personal way, and we always get remembered, to 'Uncle Sidney' and so on, in their letters home. They like also to come along and have, in their own words, "a wash and shave in real hot water." Two of the boys were 21 last week, so we gave them a birthday party. We scrounged various eatables and one of them had a cake sent him, and, with the help of my wife, we set out a good spread on the ping-pong table, which was highly appreciated; after which we had music and games until 11 o'clock, for they had applied for late passes to do themselves well . . . . For our part we let them do exactly as they like and no questions

asked, and they are only too willing to help us where they can. Three or four of these youngsters regard Toc H as their second home, and I am sure that they are potential future Toc H members . . .

### Some Staff-work

Last month we told our readers what some of the men who have left the Staff of Toc H are now doing. Since then Ben Wright (H.Q. Architect) has been called up for a commission in the Royal Engineers. Padre Harry Moss is home from Haifa, Palestine, and has been accepted as an Army Chaplain. Now readers may like news of some members of the staff who are still working for us. They are, of course, mostly busy in ways connected with the 'national emergency' (as the official phrase still is), and we must therefore omit interesting details. Bobs Ford, with his wife, has opened and is running a new House in Portsmouth. Kenneth Bloxham has left the Southern Area and is at Mark VI, Birmingham, working in the West Midlands 'Region.' Jim Davies is very busy at Gladstone House, Liverpool. John Palmer is preparing to open a House—or rather three houses in a row—at Bedford. Alan Cowling is chairman of a committee which has started new work in Mark VIII, Sheffield, previously closed. Bob Watson hopes to open the *Black Swan* (alias the 'Mooky Dook') in York, as part of the community effort led by our President, the Archbishop of York. Howard Dunnitt (now Regional Officer for the Chilterns and Southern Areas), opened a House

in Bicester, Oxon., in time for Christmas. Alec Churcher has been busy over the early stages of Houses in Coventry and Reading, and is still carrying on his work in the Schools Section, which has new urgency and importance in war-time. Paul Slessor is making an arduous and successful effort to raise money for Toc H war-work, first in Coventry and now in Birmingham. As members know, the Hon. Administrator, the Registrar's department and the General Office migrated to Swindon on the outbreak of war. Headquarters at 47, Francis Street, Westminster, is still open and very active. Arthur Edgar as Deputy Hon. Administrator, the General Secretary, Herbert Leggate as Joint Administrative Padre, Dallas Ralph dealing with the Overseas Office (removed from Tower Hill) and, helped by Mrs. Ferguson, with the Services, are there; Les Wheatley, who had left the staff, has rejoined them. The remainder of the staff, padre and lay, who are still with us, 'stay put' for the most part in their old localities, but have taken on wider war-time responsibilities.

### Police Court News.

Toc H often has to meet in odd spots now. A recent 'Guest-night' was held on a Sunday afternoon in the Court Room of some municipal buildings. Members sat in the jury box and at the solicitors' and press table, while the dock has probably never before been filled with such a collection of respectable citizens.

## THE ELDER BRETHREN

### On Active Service

GINDER.—In December, 1939, R. E. GINDER, Aircraftman, a member of Halton Group. Died on active service.

\* \* \* \* \*

BEDFORD.—In December, 1939, DAVID BEDFORD, a member of Hemsworth Branch. Elected 20.10.'38.

DANKS.—On December 6, 1939, JOSEPH DANKS, aged 55 years, a member of Netherton Branch. Elected 5.1.'36.

GRICE.—On December 20, 1939, HAROLD ATHELSTANE GRICE, aged 25 years, a member

VINCENT.—On October 21, 1939, A. VINCENT, Sergeant, R.A.F. Killed in a flying accident. Elected 3.9.'35.

of Gourock Group. Elected 29.4.'38.

JOHNSON.—On December 21, 1939, G. W. JOHNSON, a member of Harborne Branch. Elected April, 1922.

PARK.—On December 27, 1939, E. P. PARK, a blind member of Norbury Branch and a founder-member of Mauritius Branch, aged 45 years. Elected 22.2.'33.



# BLACKOUT AND BILLET

FOR READERS WHO HAVE MORE TIME AND A TASTE FOR MORE

## EDWARD GREY

fell on the evening of August 3, Sir Edward Grey stood at the of the Foreign Office, gazing out of Park. Turning to a friend beside him remarked sadly, "The lamps are out all over Europe; we shall not see them again in our life-time."

One of us who remember 1914, the Edward Grey stands out with a clarity that the passage of 25 years has not dimmed to dim. Because he was so utterly honest, seeking nothing so much as a return to his beloved birds at Fallodon, we knew that he was kept at work, and ultimately ruining his eyesight, for no other reason than that his country could not do without him, because when he stood for England he seemed to embody all the best in the character and ideals of the country. Grey stood as a symbol of its honesty and its determination.

Just as we face the same ordeal, thank God, once again there sits in the Foreign Office a man not unlike Grey in mind and spirit. We shall do well to recall for ourselves to our countrymen something of the outlook of his great predecessor. Those who do not understand it to the full, must seek enlightenment in G.M. Trevelyan's book *Edward Grey of Fallodon* (Longmans). We can only give, by permission, a tiny extract which throw light on his character.

These are words for a crisis, Grey's own words on his historic speech in Parliament that fateful third of August:—

"I don't recall feeling nervous. At such a moment there could be neither hope of personal success nor fear of personal failure. In a great crisis a man who has to act or speak stands stripped of choice. He has to do what he has to do: just this is what he will and must do, and he can do no other."

Each of us could not wish to face his own crisis in that spirit?

Again, in these days of propaganda, how salutary is his denunciation of those who revel in their own emotions and will not face the stern discipline of seeking truth! It seems difficult to believe that these words were written in 1909, so apposite are they in 1940:

"We have in this country a number of people who don't want to know the truth and to do good, but to express their own emotions. Drink-drinkers I call them, for they must be in a state of emotion, and when you attempt to dilute their emotion with the truth they are as angry as the drunkard, whose whisky you dilute with water."

When the United States came in in 1917, Grey wrote thus to an American friend:—

"Certainly your country is entering into the war in the same spirit as England did, the spirit of people who don't want war but feel that they are cornered and have no honourable way of avoiding it. We haven't all here been able to keep that spirit quite so pure as it was at the beginning; it can't be kept so when your people are engaged in the business of killing and being killed; and the awful brutalities of the Prussians could not but cause rage and hatred. But I do hope that if we win, the nobler spirit will get the upper hand. The letters from men at the front who are spending and risking their own lives are very fine; the absence of hatred is even more sublime than their self-sacrifice and splendid courage."

"Sometimes, however, I fear that in the civilian world, even if the Prussians are beaten in war, the Prussian spirit will have conquered the world."

Here are the very things we are striving for now—to preserve the spirit in which we entered the war, to prevent the growth of hatred, above all to see that "the Prussian spirit" does not conquer the world.

Lastly, most revealing of all, these words from a letter to an old friend who had lost his son:—

"I know very well that there is no escape from the suffering of grief. We cannot love much without suffering much, and the very pain of the suffering is an evidence of the strength of our love, so that we cannot even wish grief to be less than it is and must be."

There we must leave Edward Grey. God send that in these days something of his spirit may live again in us!

## THE ENEMY'S FACE—IV. Shining Armour

*The prayer of Ajax in the dire extremity of the Greeks at Troy was for light that he might see his enemy's face. It is a noble prayer. What other prayer should be England's now?—J. A. CRAMER, 1914.*

IT was nice to get inside the front door of our well-heated flat that wet Autumn evening. But there was no room to-day on the tall hatstand for my overcoat. Half-a-dozen long grey cloaks with velvet collars hung there already, surmounted by blue military caps, and the umbrella stand was full of swords, neat-hilted infantry swords in black gun-metal scabbards, with their shiny leather belts dangling to the floor. That was a common enough sight when Peter, the eldest son, was home on leave. His regiment lay at Bromberg in Poland, occupied then, and now again, by a German garrison; he was to die in battle against the Russians on that front ten years later.

That evening party is now far away and long ago, but I can date it exactly—October 21, 1905, the centenary of the Battle of Trafalgar. We did not omit, even in Berlin, to celebrate it at our party.

Most of the Prussian officers, our guests, were known to me already. One, Lieutenant Schumann of the Staff College, I always liked particularly. He had a lively intelligence and a charm not shared by one or two of the others; they were too stiff and bullet-headed to go far with. Four things about that evening stick in my mind. One is that I had to make my first 'public' speech in German—in proposing the toast of the immortal memory of Nelson! We drank it in ice-cold Rhine wine, with many expressions of friendship between Britain and Germany—"may it never be broken!" The second is the memory of a largish cask of beer which stood in the corner of the dining-room for the occasion. In honour bound we had to drink it dry before we went to bed—and I couldn't show how terribly bored I was with the wretched thing by 2 a.m.!

The other two things are both quite small but rather more significant from the point of view of this present article. As we sat round the table after an excellent meal, smoking cigars and talking most pleasantly, one man would raise his glass to another at intervals

with a little bow and the greeting "*Prosit!*", which was answered in the same way—a universal German custom in company. Conversation was in full swing when our host rapped loudly on the table and there was instant silence. I looked up and saw Lieutenant Schumann at the far end of the table facing me with his glass in his hand. Our host addressed me quietly: "You have not responded to a senior officer who wants to drink your health," he said. I stood up, bowed to Schumann, uttered a word of apology and a "*Prosit!*", emptied my glass to the bottom and sat down. Conversation flowed on again as if there had been no 'incident.' Presently, when the company shifted their places at table, Schumann came over to me with a smile which disarmed my feeling of awkwardness.

"I'm truly sorry about that," he said. "I didn't want to insist on it myself. But you see when an *Offizier* drinks to an *Unter-offizier*" (N.C.O.) "with others present—"

No more needed saying; I understood. I was a sergeant in a Volunteer Corps in England, he was an officer in the Prussian Army. We sat happily side by side for the next hour and the small omission never made any difference to our friendship afterwards.

The fourth point about that party is rather intangible. Before we broke up Peter asked if I would mind trotting out some English photographs I had: his friends hadn't seen them, especially the Army ones. It so happened that among them were some pictures of our Volunteer battalion on parade, in camp, shooting at Bisley and so on. These were of personal interest to me but not, you would suppose, particularly so to a stranger. Further, there was a series of photographs taken at a King's Birthday review in which our corps had taken part; they showed battalions of Guards, Highlanders and other infantry, squadrons of Dragoons and Hussars, and batteries of Field and Horse Artillery, all in full dress, marching past the saluting base in the Long Valley at Aldershot. The

Prussian officers of interest and asked was, of course, not I could tell them, -text-books (I had Army or open to England. But all ment and organis them always, I kn

And something Continental view, mans, of what w meaning South Afr rash telegram to pressed no more th his people that it aggression by a bi a very small one. and reproaches w then as we now us in fact, been warn Germans on the s War: I must adm it. But these prof ernal with the aspect. "So this thinking) "is the took two years to farmers." And "When we come finished sentence v aloud, but I had a that it was in hall table. A smile, a caught them, or fa me; the photograp plunged into othe forgotten that mor believe I was not r

It is difficult to not experienced it meant to a Germa Berlin was the ve the Empire, but e Potsdam, lying at holy of holies, th Frederick the Gr buildings, full of There were no ri

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pecially of Prussia. And  
es gates, was the Army's  
city of 'Old Fritz'—  
t, a place of imposing  
russia's shining armour.  
als then, no Munich or

Nuremberg, no parades of the semi-military  
troopers of a Nazi Party. There was only  
The Army. And what an army!

The streets of Berlin were alive with the  
uniforms of a dozen regiments of Guards,  
and besides with countless officers, who were  
never out of uniform, and other ranks of all  
arms. Officers by the dozen (the Kaiser  
among them), with their orderlies, rode  
splendid horses in the Tiergarten in the morn-  
ing; clattering escorts of Cuirassiers of the  
Guard, with eagles on top of their helmets,  
accompanied personages on state visits. There  
was infantry blue, and Rifle (*Jäger*) grey and  
green, the double-breasted tunics of Uhlans  
and the red jackets of Hussars, and, here and  
there the khaki and slouch hats of the  
Colonials (*Schutztruppen*) on leave from  
Africa—these last faintly disregarded (a bit  
like Colonial bishops with us) as not quite  
*pukka*. When a couple of Guardsmen met  
an officer they greeted him with three paces  
of the goosestep, two in front of him, one in  
passing, with the head wrenched towards him  
and the hand stiffly at the salute. This thun-  
derous noise of boots rang all day long on  
the pavements of Unter den Linden. And  
every mid-day the traffic halted in that street  
and passers-by stood bareheaded as the troops  
marched down to mount guard at the Zeug-  
haus, the 'Magazine.' It was a brave pro-  
cession—mounted police in front, the  
magnificent band headed by a shining con-  
traption of little bells and long horsehair  
plumes on a pole ('Jingling Geordie,' I  
believe 18th century English military bands  
called it), then two companies of Guards in  
white 'parade trousers,' with tall horse-hair  
plumes on their helmets or wearing the high  
brass-bound 'mitres' of the Grenadiers. The  
mounted officers were types of the superman.  
And when, at the great annual 'Autumn  
Parade,' the Kaiser in person rode at the  
head of battalion after battalion of the Guards  
through the streets of Berlin he looked, and  
no doubt was to himself and others, a god.

We know the old ungenerous gibe that  
there are three sexes—men, women and par-  
sons. In Imperial Germany there was a more  
obvious trinity—men, women and officers.

The officer's position, above all in Prussia, was unique. A 'military caste,' the common phrase, scarcely described him. He was a priest in the sacred profession of arms, a man dedicated, and revered by common men, not so much for himself—there were 'unworthy ministers,' as in any Church—but for his office. And for the most part, as in any Church, he took his office extremely seriously. He worked very hard, he was, in the lower ranks, very poorly paid. Indeed, it was no secret that an officer's best chance in a good regiment was to marry not merely an aristocratic but a "stone-rich" wife. He often achieved it—for his office gave his wife position. His military code of 'honour' was bound with steel, the discipline terrific, the etiquette unbending.

Observe this Colonel step into an Underground train. A subaltern rises at once. The two men click their heels, bow twice to each other, with their white-gloved hands at the peak of their spiked helmets. A lady also rises and offers the Colonel her seat. He takes it—or refuses it with another bow and salute. This punctiliousness affected everyone. We all clicked our heels and bowed to people in the street or the drawing-room: I catch myself sometimes doing it still!

Ordination goes to the heads of some young curates. It often did to Prussian subalterns, especially young Guardsmen, the 'spikes' of the Army. The 'Little Guard Lieutenant,' pronounced in the Berliner's Cockney accent, was a continual jest—when there were no lieutenants about—to the man-in-the-street; in Bavaria it was a savage jest, for the Southerners envied and hated the Prussians as much then as I strongly suspect they do still. And if the lieutenant, with his four-inch collar and his monocle, chose to elbow you off the pavement, it was you who apologised or said nothing.

The incident of my apology to Lieutenant Schumann at the supper-party may seem silly to many readers. It was merely symptomatic. A case occurred while I was in Berlin, and was reported without comment in the morning paper, of a private soldier who omitted, accidentally or otherwise, to salute an officer

in the street. The officer drew his sword on the instant and ran him through; the man died in hospital. My friends were distressed, but agreed with the military court that the officer had done no more nor less than his duty. And a year later, when I was living in Munich, an instance which will seem to readers merely absurd, was told me by an English fellow-student there. He was going home late at night from a beer-hall, and his companion was an officer in the Bavarian Army, which wore in those days a paler blue uniform and a noticeably paler brand of discipline. As they walked, my friend, a very big man—he is nowadays a familiar figure as a housemaster in an English public school—told a funny story and clapped the little Captain heartily on the back as they laughed over it. The officer halted, now deadly serious. He glanced up and down the deserted street. "You have struck an officer in a public place," he said. "Properly speaking, I am required to draw my sword on you. But as there is no soldier within sight, I shall let you off. But, please, never do it again."

The nation revered its supermen and knew better than to trifle with them. It is worth while to compare with the German regard for the Army the British feeling about the Royal Navy. In our case we add, for one thing, a quality of humour totally absent in theirs, which is a saving grace. How blind the obedience to the officer's uniform was in Prussia, among civilians equally with soldiers, was comically proved by an event about that time which sent a laugh round the world: not many years ago Hollywood found it still fresh enough for a film. Köpenick is a little garrison town on the outskirts of Berlin, and I had often bicycled through its cobbled streets. One fine morning an inconspicuous, elderly man in captain's uniform walked into a guard room there and ordered a detachment of soldiers to fall in and follow him. He marched them to the Town Hall, called for the mayor and demanded that the contents of the town treasury be handed over to him forthwith—it was urgently needed for confidential military purposes. There was surprise but no demur. The 'Captain of Köpenick,'

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has been ever since, marched 'his  
to barracks, dismissed them—and  
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proved to be a hungry, out-of-  
who had hired his uniform from  
This grizzled little man, quite  
a competitive trade, had had one  
true intuition, one stroke of  
crowded hour of glorious life."  
was furious, the nation tempered  
by laughing up its sleeve, the  
laughed loud and long.

ould be the gravest injustice to  
German Army as an object of  
traditions were as proud as any  
its code of conduct (whether  
not) strict, its devotion to duty  
Men who fought it in the last  
orse this. I always feel, when  
two countries, that the French  
the most military nation in  
that the Germans, who are cut  
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ne Great created the model  
ay exactly two hundred years  
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ined the standard inexorably.  
as it been lowered, and that in  
m and forcible disarmament after  
e of 1918. The reaction of the  
n against militarism was fierce,  
idealistic pacifism, in the younger  
pecially, was beyond doubt. The  
for much that has happened  
the world back into war lies, I  
ne doors of ourselves, with the  
failed to recognise this and make  
use of it. Here is a dramatic  
his revulsion in Germany. In  
eed to meet a very old friend, an  
he Brandenburg Dragoons, who  
active service on several fronts,  
gg for a few days. He told me  
ri in uniform after the Armistice  
sneak into his house and change  
to escape the fury of the mob.  
gether for a long time in the  
Nuremberg on a Sunday morning

to await a big procession of Old Comrades  
who were holding two church parades, one  
in a Catholic, one in a Protestant church.  
Police precautions were most elaborate, and  
we soon saw the reason. As soon as march  
music was heard the great crowd of spec-  
tators grew restive, and when the head of  
the column appeared it was received with  
cries of execration. Nearly all the marching  
ex-service men were in mufti, with an officer's  
uniform here and there which called forth  
special howls and shaken fists. The procession  
was headed by a police lorry with machine-  
guns trained on the crowd. Along the whole  
length of it rode Uhlans with lances trailed  
horizontally, an impenetrable hedge between  
soldier and spectator. The comments of some  
men and women round us were unprintable.  
As soon as we could we slipped back to our  
hotel, away from a spectacle which we both  
felt to be false and degrading.

The Nuremberg crowd belonged mainly to  
the older generation of citizens. The attitude  
of the younger people to things military under  
the ill-fated 'Weimar' Republic a good many  
of us had opportunities of observing. We  
walked and talked with them in their own  
country, and in 1928 a party of senior German  
schoolboys were the guests of Toc H in  
London for three weeks. They all came from  
working-class families and were pupils at a  
big secondary school in the 'East-end' of  
Berlin; they were good Republicans; their  
intelligence and standard of general know-  
ledge were surprising to the English contem-  
poraries who met them. (I led a party of  
fifty English public school boys soon after-  
wards to Germany on a return visit, but that  
is another story. I am only here concerned  
with the young Germans' reactions to  
'shining armour.') We were rather surprised  
at an early decision of these boys that England  
was very 'militarist' and therefore out of step  
with Europe's hopes for the future. They  
were billeted near Victoria Station and saw  
plenty of red-coated Guardsmen walking  
about off duty. And one morning I took  
them to that ever-popular spectacle for foreign  
visitors, the changing of the guard at Bucking-  
ham Palace. They were clearly fascinated by

the pageantry of it; one admitted unwillingly that martial feelings were stirred in him. But they argued much with us about the "uselessness" of it, and the "dangerous ideas" behind it. At first I was staggered when they said they had never seen "real soldiers" before, nothing at all but the field-grey sentry who guarded President Hindenburg's residence in Berlin. And then I remembered that these were an entirely new generation, reared in tragic times (several had lost their fathers in the War), bearing visible marks in their poor physique of the blockade, still haunted by the horrid nightmare of the inflation years of 1922-23; their environment had been extremely drab, their pacifist conviction rose out of it like a clear flame. The coping-stone of our 'militarism' was provided unexpectedly for them by a visit to Christ's Hospital. There they watched with dismay the school march to its lunch in fours, with the band playing—and round the corner they were shown the O.T.C. armoury, with hundreds of rifles in racks. "What would be said in Geneva," they exclaimed, "if a German school were found with a secret dump of fire-arms!" They left our shores enthusiastic about their visit and with friendships which endured for years afterwards, but with a foreboding we could not dispel—that Britain did not understand or intend peace on earth.

To-day, I fancy, many of those boys, sincere pacifists and fierce opponents of Nazi ideas as they then were, stand in arms against us. For their hopes crashed with the Weimar Constitution in 1933; Hitler at a stroke restored the ideal of shining armour as the only salvation of a bewildered, disunited people. The traditions of the old Army had

meanwhile been kept modestly alive by the Reichswehr of 100,000 men allowed by the Treaty of Versailles. Without heavy artillery or tanks (at least openly), they had contrived to build up a highly disciplined little force, the kernel of vast expansion when the times made it possible. And now the great German Army is in the field again. Whether it will bear comparison with the Kaiser's war-machine we are likely to discover very soon. It has taken Hitler a stiff fight and the 'purge' of many fine officers to penetrate it with the Party theories these professional soldiers despised; even now the Army's tremendous tradition may prove to be his eventual undoing. *Treu und Fest* ('loyal and steadfast') was the motto on the helmet-badges of the old Army. The new one has been compelled to swear loyalty to the Führer's person—it may even yet be that its loyalty to itself will conflict with that and appear the stronger allegiance. But that is still pure speculation, if not just 'wishful thinking.' Meanwhile the eyes of all Europe, neutral as well as belligerent, are upon the German Army.

There is much more that I might say, especially about the German philosophy of war and the doctrines which lie behind their conduct of it. This is really more important than the scattered anecdotes in this article—it serves to explain them. For the Germans, unlike ourselves, worry a great deal about a philosophy for everything and believe that they base every action on a principle. For instance, the ruthlessness of German troops, which has shocked other peoples not only in the last War but for centuries, has a basis and a 'philosophy.' But, if readers will bear with me, this will claim another article. B. B.

### True and False Patriotism

"Among the patriotisms of the world none are stronger than the patriotism of Germany and the patriotism of England. To both of us the Nation, the *Patria*, the Fatherland, is a name precious and dear. What has patriotism taught us? It has taught us to forget self and serve a common cause. Shall not Patriotism teach us to go further on that good road? Shall we serve Patriotism by forgetting its lesson? For I ask you, is there no whole greater than the single nation, however great, however historic? I say, we must answer, yes; there are greater wholes. The Christendom of Europe is one; the human race is yet another; and the Kingdom of God upon earth, that is a third. Loyalty to the country is splendid; but there are other loyalties. Patriotism is a noble ideal; let us not make of it an idol. Each nation is an instrument for the service of humanity and God. But nations get separated—separated by languages, by history, by rivalries, by suspicion. Patriotism may turn selfish, and when selfish it turns sour."

BISHOP EDWARD TALBOT ("the father of Toc H"), to a German audience in Berlin, 1911.

## IN THE SERVICE OF TRUTH—Aids to Discussion

THERE are two elements in understanding anything. First, the facts must be known as accurately as possible. Second, there must be a determined attempt to find some principle or set of principles which runs through the facts and, once grasped, is seen to hold them together, so that what was previously just a jumble becomes in a flash intelligible. A savage, confronted with all the parts of a motor car collected in a heap before him, picks out this bit or that as it attracts him by its polish or its shape. He may think the piston rod a serviceable club, make himself a necklace with the sparking plugs, decorate his hair with the fan and so on. All the facts are before him but they have no meaning. The mechanic confronted with a similar heap grasps its meaning at once, and can proceed to assemble the facts in the light of his knowledge of the principle that unites them.

When we come to the study of human affairs, things are complicated because the facts are living and change under our eyes, and also because for this very reason there is nothing like the same agreement as to what they are. Facts and principles get badly mixed up. But we can, if we take the trouble, get a pretty clear view of what is the truth about past facts, and this helps a lot, because many of these past facts influence the present very greatly. Without a clear understanding of what has happened and is happening, the attempt to apply principles, and so to see what ought to be aimed at now, goes wrong because it is just making shots in the dark. We must try to be free of personal prejudice, and of what is called "wishful thinking."

But we have also to try to get our minds clear about the principles of human action. This again is much more difficult than in dealing with inanimate things. The principle on which a motor engine is made is the same for everybody, but different people hold very different ideas about the principles on which men act, or ought to act. But it is desperately important that we should bring to this study all our resources of experience, all that we know of God and man, so as to get as near the truth as we possibly can. We can

never see the whole truth as God sees it, because our minds are limited and we are living in the midst of the process we are trying to think about. But we must have faith that the spirit of God, if men will listen to it—and not run away from the hard facts of the world to seek some private "escape" heaven of their own—will help us to come steadily nearer to the truth.

### For Information

With these ideas in mind we are trying to provide members with a *Service of Truth* series. Partly through typed notes which are supplied from Headquarters to anyone who applies for them, and partly, we hope, through articles in the JOURNAL, it aims at putting people in touch with sources of information that will help them both to make a true estimate of facts and to discern the principles at work in them. It aims also at posing questions, both of fact and of principle. It does *not* aim at providing simple answers for lazy people. Every part of the series is designed to help people to find the answers for themselves or to ask the right questions. Thinking, to be of use, must be our own thinking.

1. In the November JOURNAL (p. 333) the series of *Oxford Pamphlets on World Affairs* (Oxford University Press. 3d. each) was recommended. Some of these pamphlets deal with facts, some with principles, some with both. A set of typed notes on these, suggesting also which pamphlets were most useful for private reading or group discussion, was prepared, and has been applied for by something over a hundred units or individuals already. The first twenty pamphlets in the series were thus dealt with; a further eight have since been published.

2. *The Christian News Letter* (published weekly from 20, Balcombe Street, Dorset Square, London, N.W.1. Price 10s. a year, 5s. 6d. a half-year, 3s. a quarter, 2d. a single copy) was recommended. This is well worth study.

3. In the December JOURNAL we undertook to produce notes on some big subjects worth discussing now. The first two sets of these (as announced in the January JOURNAL) are now available (apply to The Registrar, Toc H Mark XVI, High Street, Swindon). They deal with (a) *Freedom*: notes designed to help discussion on a subject which raises big issues of principle; (b) *Evacuation*: notes designed to help us to look beyond the crude facts, and even beyond immediate practical action, to the larger issues.

We hope, as opportunity offers, to produce further papers of this kind, dealing either with a wide general question or a specific, concrete problem. But they take time to prepare and have to be sandwiched in by those at H.Q. as best they can with day to day business. The more energetic minds among our members will probably ask impatiently for more meat than we can hope to supply.

### Some big Questions

Here then is a tentative list of some of the headings under which we hope to produce notes or references to information available. Keen people should tackle some of them right away for themselves. If they do so, it would be a real help, if they would write (not necessarily for publication) to the Editor of the JOURNAL saying how they got on and what other questions have been found stimulating and worth passing on. The subjects which follow are mainly large and 'general' ones; many 'practical' ones might be added.

1. *Community.* Different kinds of groupings (social, political, religious, national, international). What happens when they clash?
2. *'The last war.'* How would you organise the world to make sure that this is the last war?
3. *Organising the world.* Hitherto the nation-state has had the final authority over its

"nationals." Is the nation the last word in human organisation, or must we now be prepared for another practical step towards world-organisation?

4. *The League of Nations.* Why did it fail?

5. *This "family" idea.* Is it just a sentimental catchword in Toc H? In what sense are we a family? Has the idea, and our attempt to practise it, any lessons which could be applied to making a peace settlement?

6. *"War-aims."* Daily newspapers call this the "War against Hitler." Is this good enough? Can we set down what we are fighting against—and what we are fighting for?

7. *The Nazi system.* What is there in it worth preserving?

8. *The Economic problem.* Can we solve the political problem unless we also tackle the economic problem? That is, how to secure, not only between nations but between individuals, a better distribution of the world's products? How can this be achieved?

9. *The Moral problem.* Must we admit that men have proved too small to be able to control and use the enormous stores of power released, since the Industrial Revolution, by science and invention? Are we slaves, not masters, of the machines we have made? If so, how can the spiritual regain the mastery over the material?

10. *Leaders and led.* Men often blame their leaders. But if ordinary men blame their leaders, should they not first blame themselves? Is it the real fact that the ordinary man has been too selfish, too idle, too ignorant to act as, on a tiny scale, a jury is meant to act? We base our justice on the honest judgment of twelve ordinary men: can we apply this principle to all problems?

## PASTURES NEW—II. The School settles down

*Last month VAL BELL, a retired headmaster back in harness in war-time, described the arrival of his evacuated London school in the country. In this article he gives an impression of some results to the children. Other schools, but not all, have been as fortunate as his.*

**A**LTHOUGH the preservation of the bodies of our children may have been the primary object of the Evacuation Scheme for School Children, it was not the only object. The preservation of their minds and spirits was equally important and the parents had been assured that the education of their children would be carried on.

As soon as we had settled down in our billets at Alfold, the opening up of school activities became of vital importance and whilst we were waiting for instructions from the Surrey Education Officer, our party met daily for rambles round the district. It was perfect September weather, sunny and warm, and the countryside was delightful. At first

the youngsters grumbled at having to walk more than half a mile; but this was no surprise, as, in London, they had acquired the too-frequent bus and tram habit. Before a week had ended, however, the grouses had disappeared and the daily walk was thoroughly enjoyed. It was during this first week that the shortcomings of formal education in the classroom became obvious. As was to be expected from South London children living in a thickly populated area miles from a rural district, they regarded their new home as almost a foreign land. The quietude at first disturbed them. The picture palace was a terrible loss. "There is nowhere to go and nothing to see when we go into the village."



The names of trees, flowers and birds were mostly unknown to them. Their powers of observation were decidedly weak and there was a lack of interest in rural life and activities. Here, then, was something which we teachers might tackle in earnest. We could, at least, try to get the youngsters interested in their new environment.

On September 7 we had an interview with the Surrey County Inspector and the local headmaster and it was decided that the Day Continuation School should function as a separate entity and pending the granting of permission to use the schoolroom adjoining the local chapel we should occupy a room at the council school and carry on general education, with commercial training if possible. The school should be open full-time instead of part-time as in London, and that a start should be made on the following Monday, September 11. The usual classroom equipment, e.g., pens, ink and paper, would be provided by the local headmaster and other stock could be indented for through the Surrey Divisional Officer. Reference books for the teachers could be obtained from the County Library and larger desks for our big young folk would be sent at once from the school furniture stores. It was stated that our specialised commercial work might prove a difficulty as Surrey possessed no Day Continuation Schools, but it was solved by getting down from our Battersea School three car-loads of stock and equipment during the next three days. There was no fear of making a poor start when the school re-opened.

It was a joy to feel how all concerned were willing to help. The Divisional Officer, the Inspector and the local headmaster were kindness personified and possessed what we call 'the Toc H spirit.' The teachers' task was made easier; for we had expected 'field-service' conditions and were willing to make the best of our novel circumstances.

The roll only numbered 26, as most of those who had volunteered for evacuation were scattered at holiday resorts and were advised by wireless to remain where they were. These 26 were divided into two groups and, thanks to the warmth of that September sun, use

was made of the covered part of the playground as a classroom for one group, whilst the other was occupied inside the school buildings.

As the lesson hours for the pupils had been increased from 15 to 23 $\frac{3}{4}$  hours a week an enlarged time-table was necessary, and time was found for the making of a local survey. The other subjects that were found possible were English, Arithmetic, Handwriting, Shorthand, Book-keeping, Current Events, Art and Craftwork; Typewriting was added a fortnight later, when ten typewriters were delivered. The lack of a physical training instructor was not felt so much, as most of the pupils had good long walks from their billets to the school and there was plenty of exercise in the afternoon excursions.

Difficulties, of course, were encountered through lack of cupboard space, maps, and English text books but the teachers overcame them. Stock and equipment were arranged on the floor around the walls, maps were chalked on sheets of brown paper, use was made of articles on Nature and Rural Life in such newspapers as *The Times*, and the teaching of Current Events was enhanced by the valuable information contained in the various issues of *British Survey*. An excellent selection of books on S.W. Surrey was forwarded from the County Library which proved invaluable for the study of the district. Many enjoyable lessons were taken inside Alfold Church, which is a little gem of 13th century architecture.

The chapel schoolroom became available for us on September 26, and we moved into more commodious premises with trestle tables, electric light and a good slow-combustion stove. The tables made it possible to introduce typewriting and were most suitable for craftwork. I, personally, gained by the change, as I was given the Chapel Vestry to use as an office, which was more comfortable than a small cloakroom, with two drawing boards over a sink to act as a table!

Educationally, it can truly be said that our youngsters have not suffered over the evacuation. They have more hours of instruction than when at Battersea and the bracing air,

simple, wholesome food, and plenty of walking and sleep have made them stronger physically and they seem more alert and work harder.

This agrees with the opinions of a correspondent who has been in close contact with a large number of evacuated schools. He writes: "So far as the children have been concerned evacuation has been mainly successful; and where the teacher has seized opportunity and shown initiative, a gigantic stride forward has been made in the pupils' education. Academically they have suffered in some places, but in the understanding of life they have all advanced."

Even academically ours have not suffered, but in four months the greatest joy has been to watch the influence of this beautiful district upon them. I can recall how on our educational rambles they were excited at the sight of Laker's Common, with its mass of oat-grass and tall weeds all sparkling with hoar frost, and flocks of goldfinches perching on the stalks. And again, as the sun was setting behind Blackdown, the lighting up of the Leith Hill Range drew from them exclamations of delight.

It has been a wonderful experience for the youngsters, and it is difficult to prophesy what this rural sojourn will mean to them in their lives.

V. A. B.

## FROM THE LEPROSY FIELD

READERS will remember Tubby's inspiring letter which was circulated to lay workers in the leprosy field on the outbreak of war. The policy of the joint B.E.L.R.A.-Toc H Executive Committee is in accordance with the advice given in it. The men have been advised to remain at their stations and the aim and endeavour of the Committee will be to see that they are duly supported and supplied in spite of the war and all its heavy demands. Leprosy relief and control is a form of national service and a national duty that must not be abandoned.

That this view is shared by the Toc H and other friends of the movement is proved by the way in which they have rallied to its support after the first few depressing weeks. The men themselves are prepared for anything. One writes—and his spirit and letter are representative of all:

"With regard to the financial position of the Association, I hope that you will not hesitate to let me know if you find that the strain on your resources is heavy, so that I can relieve you of paying my salary until times are better."

It is hoped that any such sacrifice will be unnecessary and all indications are that those in the home front are equally prepared to do their share and to see that the mission of help and healing undertaken by these volunteers is not interrupted or crippled.

Limitations of space forbid long extracts

from their letters, but here is one from Bill Lambert in his new sphere of work in Uganda, which describes shortly his surroundings and work:

"Lake Bunyonyi is terrifying in its beauty, and it seems as though it must have been created by some great upheaval of nature. My home is on an island which I have all to myself, and it takes me twenty minutes by canoe to get to the leper island. The canoe is often pitched and tossed about like a toy by the sudden squalls which sweep down on the Lake. There is a hospital, church and school on the main island looked after by a fully trained nurse and teacher. My chief job at the moment is to stop erosion, besides encouraging the patients to look after themselves. I also keep an eye on a troop of 28 Boy Scouts."

### Movements of Leprosy Workers.

Frank Bye has reached Nigeria and has been posted to Zaria, and Peter Pedrick is on his way back to Oji River, also in Nigeria. Norman Crayford has arrived from Jamaica on furlough after a strenuous and interesting period of work amongst the lepers in that island. Jack Sowden is *en route* to Lui, S. Sudan, where Mrs. Sowden, detained here owing to Government restrictions, now fortunately relaxed, is proceeding to join him. Mr. and Mrs. Hamish Macgregor start this month for Itu, and towards the end of the month Bill Densham returns to Ngomahuru, Southern Rhodesia. Celyn Evans is now at Oji River on transfer from Zaria.

# TOC H PUBLICATIONS

*All communications regarding publications should be sent to the Registrar,  
Toc H, High Street, Swindon. Postage is extra on all publications unless otherwise stated.*

## BOOKS

- TALES OF TALBOT HOUSE. By Tubby. 1s.  
PLAIN TALES FROM FLANDERS. By Tubby. Longmans, 3s. 6d.  
TOC H UNDER WEIGH. By P. W. Monie. New Ed., Limp Linen, 1s.; 10s. per dozen.  
BETWEEN TWO OPINIONS. By P. W. Monie. Boards, 1s.  
TOWARDS NEW LANDFALLS. By Hubert Secretan. Boards, 1s.  
THE SMOKING FURNACE AND THE BURNING LAMP. Edited by Tubby. Longmans, Paper, 2s. 6d.; Cloth, 4s.  
A BIRTHDAY BOOK. Twenty-one years of Toc H. Illustrated. 176 pp. 2s.  
A TREASURY OF PRAYERS AND PRAISES FOR USE IN TOC H (Revised). 9d. each.  
POCKETFUL OF PRAYERS. Revised Ed. 1s.  
LONDON BELOW BRIDGES. By Hubert Secretan. 3s. 6d.  
TOC H INDIA AND BURMA. 6d. each.  
ARTIFEX: THE CRAFTSMAN IN TOC H. 6d.  
GARDENS OF FLANDERS. Talbot House and the War Cemeteries. Illustrated. 6d.  
THE BRIDGE BUILDERS. 1s. post free.  
LINKMEN. Parts I and II. 1s. each post free.

## PAMPHLETS

- A FEW FACTS FOR NEW FRIENDS. 2 pp. Free. Post free.  
A TALK ON TOC H, as broadcast by Ian W. Macdonald. 4 pp. Free. Post free.  
TOC H DEFINED. 1d. each; 9d. per dozen.  
CONCERNING TOC H. 2d. each; 1s. 6d. per dozen.  
1. Talbot House. 16 pp.  
2. The Re-Birth. 12 pp.  
3. The First Ten Years. 8 pp.  
4. The Main Resolution. 12 pp.  
5. The Lamp. 16 pp.  
6. Fellowship. 12 pp.  
7. Thinking Fairly. 12 pp.  
"I SERVE." How a man can help boys. 2d.  
A HYMN SHEET FOR TOC H SERVICES. 4s. 6d. per 100. Post free.  
A SERVICE OF LIGHT AND OF REDEDICATION IN TOC H. 9d. per dozen. 4s. per 100.

## HANDBOOKS

- BUILDING TOC H. 3d.  
THE ROYAL CHARTER OF TOC H. 3d.  
THE TOC H PADRE. By H. F. S. 6d.  
PILOTS. By A. G. C. 3d.  
"JOBS." By G. A. L. 3d.  
THE TREASURER IN TOC H. 3d.  
DISTRICT TEAMS. By G. A. L. 3d.  
TOC H IN THE ROYAL NAVY. 3d.  
TOC H IN THE ARMY. 2d.  
TOC H IN THE R.A.F. 3d.  
OVER THERE. A little guide for Pilgrims to the Old House. 6d.  
THE ANNUAL REPORT OF TOC H. April, 1939. Free.  
A TALK ABOUT TOC H (to Naval members). 1d. each.

## MUSIC

- THE TOC H SONG BOOK. 135 songs, words and music. 1s.; 10s. per dozen.  
NEWCASTLE SONG SHEET (No. 1). 1d. each; 3s. 6d. per 50.  
GO FORTH WITH GOD, words and music. 4d. each.

## MISCELLANEOUS

- "TOC H ACROSS THE WORLD." Map showing all overseas units. 40 x 25 ins. 2s.  
SET OF FOUR CARDS. Suitable for framing: Main Resolution. Objects of the Association. The Toc H Prayer. Initiation to Membership. 5d. per set.  
NOTEPAPER for Districts, Branches and Groups. 1s. 3d. per 100 sheets; 5s. 6d. per ream. Postcards: 1s. per 100.  
HEADED NOTICE FORMS. 1d. each; 6d. per dozen.  
IDENTITY DISCS, round, white or coloured, printed 'Toc H,' with space for name; safety-pin attachment. 25 for 11d.; 100 for 3s. 6d.

## BADGES OF MEMBERSHIP

- BUTTONHOLE BADGES. 6d.; 5s. per dozen to Branch and Group Secretaries.  
WRISTLET BADGES. For Service members only. Metal badge complete with strap, 2s.

## THE JOURNAL

- THE TOC H JOURNAL. Monthly, 3d.; Supplied to Secretaries at special rates per dozen (apply to the Registrar).